

Take it All Off by Luddleston

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Summary:

Kaidan's a good friend, the kind of friend who goes to Ashley's bachelorette party at a strip club without complaining too loudly.

He sure as hell isn't going to wear a feather boa, though.

Take it All Off

Author's Note:

- For [MurphyAT](#).

When I get drunk, I write smut. It's what I do.

So, uh, you should thank Murph for having such a great birthday party with so much vodka involved.

ANYWAY, this is like an AU of an AU, bc I'm writing another AU where James is a sex worker but it involves a lot less banging and a lot more Kaidan crying.

Kaidan sometimes hated having a friend group that was primarily girls. It could be cool some days, because he didn't feel like he had to uphold some ancient, outdated view of masculinity, but then there were other days. Days where he ended up at Ashley's bachelorette party, in a strip club, a *fucking strip club*, with a bright pink margarita in his hand. He'd refused the feather boa they'd tried to put on him, which was a good decision, because it seemed more and more tempting the drunker he got.

There was a guy in front of them who was wearing just about the tightest leather shorts Kaidan had ever seen. He briefly wondered just how much this establishment profited off of Magic Mike's popularity. Kaidan had seen Magic Mike, and even then, he was pretty sure there hadn't been this much ass involved. The guy's crotch-bulge was huge, too, like, big enough to give Kaidan a complex. How did they all make those stupid shorts look good?

Another guy sauntered over (and it was definitely a saunter), and swung one leg over Ash's knees, giving the bride-to-be one hell of a lap-dance. Kaidan shrank back in his chair. This was more gyrating than he needed in his life.

Why did they have to bring him?

Was he the token gay friend? He wasn't even *gay*. And it wasn't like they didn't have other, actually-gay friends! Why didn't they bring Steve? Oh, right, because Steve was married as hell, and the only crotch-bulge he wanted in his face belonged to his husband.

"Hey."

Oh. Someone was talking to him. Reality to Kaidan, there is currently a guy sitting on the arm of your chair, trying to start a conversation. "Uh, hey," Kaidan said. He was pretty sure this guy was some level of normal. He was wearing a shirt, so he was probably not a stripper.

"Want a lap-dance?"

Kaidan stood corrected. The guy was, in fact, a stripper. "Um. No," he said. "I'm sorry?"

"You, uh. You don't have to apologize to me."

Kaidan realized the guy was wearing tiny jean shorts. How did he not realize how tiny those shorts were? "Sorry," he said again.

"Oh my god. What are you, Canadian?"

"Yes, actually."

"Really?"

"Not kidding," Kaidan said, smiling a little. "I'm from Vancouver."

Tiny-shorts-guy laughed. "So. You wanna show me a thick slab of Canadian bacon?" he asked, and Kaidan rolled his eyes so hard they actually hurt. Maybe that was just the impending hangover, though.

"That is honestly so fucking cheesy," Kaidan said.

"I try," tiny-jean-shorts man said back, and he laughed. "How 'bout this one: did you get those jeans on sale? 'Cuz back at my place, they'd be 100% off."

Kaidan cracked up so hard he had to shove a hand over his mouth. “I’ve definitely heard that one before,” he said. “I’m Kaidan, by the way.”

“I go by Castillo,” he said. “But it’s actually James.”

They shook hands, which was an awkward affair because James was still sitting on the arm of Kaidan’s chair. “I’d really like to show you a good time, Kaidan,” James said, leaning closer to him. Kaidan’s fingers clenched tighter around the stem of his margarita glass.

“I can’t—um. I’m just... this isn’t my *thing*, you know. I’m just here for my friend’s bachelorette party, and. Well. I didn’t plan on. You know.”

“It’s alright,” James said. He shrugged. “I don’t care one way or the other, just. Uh, I’m gonna be off the clock in fifteen minutes, so if you plan on getting ahold of that liquid courage anytime soon—“ a nod to Kaidan’s margarita, “—I’d be happy to oblige.”

“While you’re on or off the clock?” Kaidan asked.

James’s grin widened. The patterns of flashing lights over his skin and his white T-shirt made his face hard to read other than the smile. “Either.”

Kaidan wasn’t sure if this was a *thing* for James. Find someone hot and willing at the end of the night and take them home with him to get some action. Kaidan had been hesitant at first, he couldn’t abandon Ash’s party, for one, but she’d sent him off with an, “oh my god, Kaidan! Get some!”, and now he was going to *a stripper’s apartment to have sex with said stripper, probably*.

James’s apartment was decently nice, which made Kaidan a little less terrified. It was only a few blocks from the strip club (James said he liked to walk to work), and had a kitchen that took up almost the entire place and a big couch in the living room with a blanket that looked hand-knitted across the back of it. Kaidan didn’t get to look at much of the house, though, because he was busy standing with his back against the counter island, head tipped back, with James’s lips all over his neck.

It felt *good*, more than just the pleasantness of another body on his, because James clearly knew what he was doing, and Kaidan was just on the side of tipsy enough that he was completely unashamed of how loud he got, his breath coming harsh and low. James was rolling his hips against Kaidan's, like he was keeping time to the rhythm of a song that wasn't there. Kaidan's lips were already red and swollen from James kissing the daylights out of him, and he was *hard*, and James was hard too. He reached down and thumbed open the button on James's tiny jean shorts—good thing they were at James's apartment, not Kaidan's, because doing a walk of shame in daisy dukes was a long stretch even for a professional stripper.

“God, you're big,” Kaidan breathed, feeling up James's dick through his briefs.

“Yeah,” James said.

“Yeah? Like, as in you're agreeing you have a big dick?”

“Oh. No. Just ‘yeah’ in general. I mean, I do. Not the sexiest way to say it though, huh?”

Kaidan laughed and leaned his forehead onto James's shoulder. “Not really. I thought you'd be better at dirty talk, James.” Kaidan was still touching him, running his fingertips over the curve of James's cock.

“Everyone's too drunk at the club for me to need to be good at dirty talk,” James said then his breath caught. “God, that feels so good.”

“Is that how you talk to all the boys at work?” Kaidan asked, and James grinned up at him.

“Naw. First I ask ‘em about themselves, you know, what they do for a living, where they're from, if their wives know they're here.” He chuckled at the end of the last one, a rich sound that came right from his throat. “And I don't kiss them.” He punctuated it with his lips on Kaidan's, hot and sloppy and not-quite-perfect but *good*. He left one more sucking kiss on Kaidan's jawline before stepping back, tugging Kaidan with him by his

belt-loops. “So. What do you do, sweetheart?” He said the endearment sarcastically, and it made Kaidan roll his eyes.

“I’m in the military,” Kaidan said.

“Oh? Should I be calling you some fancy title, then?”

“Major Kaidan Alenko,” he said, following James to his bedroom, equal parts thrilled and weirded out that he was giving his title to someone he was about to sleep with.

“Okay, Major,” James said, pushing Kaidan back onto the bed. “How ‘bout giving me some orders?”

Kaidan moaned out loud at that and felt his back bow without intending it. “God, James. I thought you said you don’t talk dirty.”

“I just said I’m not good at it,” James amended, kneeling over him on the bed. He looked so damn good, his shirt rolled up enough to show off his abs, his shorts unzipped and his briefs pulled down so they were tucked below his cock, which. *Fuck*. Kaidan wouldn’t consider himself someone who cared about size, but he could appreciate a nice dick. And James had a nice dick. “You know, once you go home with me, you’re allowed to touch,” James said.

Kaidan sat up, stripping off his T-shirt. James made a low, appreciative sound, looking Kaidan up and down. Kaidan put his hands on James’s hips and kissed his belly, right where the hem-line of his shirt had ridden up. He bent his head lower, lips trailing down James’s abs, until James’s cock bumped the underside of his chin. “Can I...?”

“Fuck, baby, you can do whatever you want to me,” James said. He tipped Kaidan’s face up with one hand under his chin, thumb rubbing gentle circles on his jaw. “I’m serious. I’ll do whatever you want to. Unless, you know, you have some weird fet—*shit!*” He cut himself off with a long moan when Kaidan sucked the head of his cock.

Kaidan only teased him, didn't really get the whole thing into his mouth because he wasn't really the greatest at blowjobs and choking was *not* sexy. James talked him through the whole thing, a lot of, "oh, fuck, Kaidan, that feels so damn good; your mouth is *incredible*, baby, I'm so fucking hard."

"James?" Kaidan asked, looking up at him. He couldn't see James's face very well from the angle, but he could see the way his whole body shivered when Kaidan flicked his tongue against the head of his dick.

"Yeah?" James was breathing hard, and Kaidan felt him push his hips forward, just a little bit. It was all controlled, like he wanted to do more but he was trying to keep from getting altogether too much dick in Kaidan's face.

"Can you take your clothes off?"

"Mm-hm, yes sir," James said, and a little thrill ran through Kaidan at the word "sir." He stepped off the bed and took his shirt off first, revealing a pair of tattoos on his pectorals, two black whorls of ink that matched the big one on his neck and shoulder. He stripped out of his shorts, too, a fast, perfunctory movement that was no show, all function. No lie, Kaidan had expected a little bit of a striptease, but James clearly wasn't thinking about work anymore. Kaidan took off his jeans, too, shivering a little as his boxers slipped past his dick. James was staring straight at his crotch, no shame there. "You look so damn good. I wanna get my hands all over you, Kaidan."

"Why don't you, then," Kaidan said, and James laid his hand on Kaidan's ankle of all places, thumb rubbing over the bone.

"Only if you tell me to," James said, grinning and kneeling on the bed, careful not to touch Kaidan anywhere except for his ankle.

"Do you really get off on taking orders?" Kaidan asked.

"I get off on giving them, too." James leaned over him, so close to kissing him that Kaidan could have grabbed him by the back of his neck and gone

for it. “But if I’m guessing right, I’d say you prefer me doing every little thing you tell me to.”

Kaidan felt heat spread down his neck and chest—he was blushing. “Kiss me,” he said, and James obeyed.

He settled down over Kaidan’s body while they kissed, the fingers of one hand raking through Kaidan’s hair, his other feeling up Kaidan’s bicep. James’s cock slid right up against Kaidan’s, and when Kaidan grabbed his ass, he did it again, moving faster, more intentionally. Kaidan tipped his head back to moan, and James kissed his chin and then his Adam’s apple, then sucked on the dip of his collarbone.

“God, that feels so...” Kaidan trailed off with James leaving a little row of love bites just below his collarbone. “James. I want you to... I want... Fuck, I don’t know what I want.” He made a frustrated noise as he tipped his forehead against James’s shoulder.

“How ‘bout I give you some inspiration, so to say,” James suggested, kissing over the marks he left. He slid his hands down Kaidan’s sides, tracing his thumbs over Kaidan’s hips. “You wanna know what I wanna do to you?”

“Yeah. Tell me, James.”

James looked up at him through thick, dark eyelashes and for a minute, Kaidan thought he was about to say, “yes, sir.” Instead, he said, “I want you to put your legs together so I can fuck those tight thighs, then, once I come all over you, I wanna lick it all off and then suck your cock.”

There was no time for him to hesitate. “Do it, fuck, I want that,” Kaidan moaned, and James reached for the nightstand to grab a little bottle of lube.

“Okay, baby, will you put your ankles up over my shoulder. Just like that, yeah.” James nudged him into crossing one ankle over the other, resting on James’s tattooed shoulder. James uncapped the bottle of lube and squeezed some into his palm. Kaidan could feel every movement of his arm when James spread the lube over his cock, and he tightened his fists in the sheets

when James grabbed his ass to lift him up so he could fit his cock between Kaidan's thighs. When James pushed in until his hips were pressed against the back of Kaidan's thighs, Kaidan could feel the head of James's cock against the base of his. "How does that feel?" James asked, but Kaidan was sure he could tell, was sure it was obvious from the way his abs clenched and his eyes rolled back.

"So good," Kaidan moaned.

"Touch yourself," James said, fucking him in earnest now.

"Who's giving orders, now?" Kaidan asked, but he did it anyway.

Kaidan got a hand on his dick but was too overwhelmed by sensation to do much more than tease himself, running his fingertips over the head of his cock and the head of James's where he could feel it between his thighs. "Yeah, that's it, you look so damn good like this, so fucking hot." Kaidan shoved his free hand over his mouth, muffling all the breathless cries and moans he couldn't help but make.

His legs slipped off James's shoulder and James just went with it, wrapping one thick forearm around Kaidan's knees and bending forward, drawing Kaidan up so his back was curved at an angle that would let James kiss him while he fucked his thighs. The kiss was messy and Kaidan's teeth bumped against James's once, but it must've been doing something for him, because the pace of James's thrusts kept getting faster.

"God, Kaidan. I'm close," he said, and Kaidan kissed him because he couldn't do anything else.

Kaidan felt a hot rush over the underside of his cock and his belly as James came. James gasped against Kaidan's lips and his fingers tightened on the back of Kaidan's neck. Kaidan gripped James's shoulders and kissed his chin and his neck, could feel James's chest against his as he breathed hard. "You alright?" Kaidan asked, and James laughed, nosing at Kaidan's cheek.

"Oh, fuck yeah, I'm so good," James said, tucking his face into Kaidan's neck, fingers trailing down his sides. He uncurled his arm from around

Kaidan's legs and settled against his side, pressing his lips to Kaidan's shoulder and chest. "What do you want me to do for you?" James asked, and Kaidan grabbed his bicep tighter.

Kaidan pushed on James's shoulder, just a little, just enough to nudge him down. "Do what you promised," he said, and it wasn't much of an order because James had already said he wanted to do it, but James told him, "yes, sir," anyway, and those little words were enough to send a new flood of heat down Kaidan's spine. He almost came from just that, tipping his head to the side and making an embarrassing noise into the pillow.

James gripped Kaidan's thighs and parted his legs so he could shoulder his way in between and lick a long trail up Kaidan's belly. Kaidan had no idea how James could lick his own come off of Kaidan without doing anything close to a grimace—he actually made it seem sexy and enjoyable. And when he sucked on the head of Kaidan's cock, Kaidan's eyes rolled up and he inhaled deeply and didn't let his breath out until James sucked him all the way down. "Oh my god," Kaidan moaned, the noise muffled around his hand, and James groped his ass while he sucked him off.

Kaidan gripped the sheets again, his fingers tightening enough to wrinkle them. "James," he breathed, and he was pretty sure his heel was digging into James's back, but James just moaned around his cock and took him as deep as he could. "Fuck, *James*, I'm so—"

He was entirely too loud when he came, and entirely too overcome at the fact that James swallowed, then licked his lips and grinned. "You look so good like this, baby," James said, his voice a little rough—oh god, his voice was rough because he'd just had Kaidan's dick down his throat, "all fucked-out and gorgeous."

Kaidan chuckled, but it was mostly breath. "Holy shit, James. That was pretty damn amazing."

"I know. I'm pretty damn good at this." James curled up next to Kaidan with one arm over his chest, his nose pressed against Kaidan's cheek. "You spending the night?"

“Would you mind if I did?”

“Course not,” James said, his fingers tickling Kaidan’s ribs. “I don’t mind if you leave, either, by the way.” Kaidan curled up against James, their foreheads just barely touching, and James kissed him on the neck softly. “Besides. If you stay over, then. Morning sex.”

“You make a convincing argument,” Kaidan mumbled. “See you in the morning, James.”

Author's Note:

Visit me on tumblr @weezna, or, if you want to talk about how many HCs I have about fictional characters' dick sizes, on my NSFW tumblr @seldula.